

Puck

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Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



"HE STOOPS TO CONQUER."



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, August 12th, 1891. — No. 753.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WE MUST SEEM a most inconsistent people to the intelligent foreigner who read our papers last year and who reads them now. Then we were discussing the McKinley bill. Opinions differed as to the merits of that measure; but there was one thing upon which all sides seemed to agree thoroughly—that no foreign nation's interests had a shadow of claim to respectful consideration at our hands. Mr. McKinley's friends used the word *foreign* much as though it meant something inherently and irreclaimably vile and wicked. Like the old British farmer in Henry Kingsley's tale, whose simple creed ran "what's furrin's French, and what's French is bad," they looked upon all transatlantic industry as "pauper" or "slave" labor; and upon every foreign exporter as a soulless and evil-minded enemy of American institutions.

These people were for doing away altogether with our foreign trade. Like the Chinese within their great wall, a "home trade" was good enough for them. There were other people not so rabid, who thought that there was no great wrong in our dealing with Europeans, so long as the advantage was wholly on our side. Others even expressed the opinion that the foreigner might be allowed to make a small profit—enough, perhaps, to keep him going. But awful would have been the fate of any one who might have risen to suggest that the interests of the people we dealt with were identical with our own interests, the world over, that a Frenchman or



A LONELYVILLE ILLUSION.

MR. HOWSON LOTT (*proudly, to CITY FRIEND*).—Here's my little cottage, old chap.
CITY FRIEND.—But good heavens, man, it's on fire!
MR. HOWSON LOTT.—Oh, no; it's only a little wet hay the folks are burning to drive away the mosquitos.

a German, or even an Englishman, was just as much entitled to fair and just dealing as a free-born American. Traitor to his country would have been a mild name for so daring a wretch.

One little year has passed away, and here we are—the same people—enthusiastically hailing all Europe and begging and beseeching her to come to the World's Fair at Chicago and extend her trade. "Come!" we cry, "bring your manufactures, bring your merchandise, bring your works of art and artifice. Here are seventy millions of people waiting to buy of you. Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice awaits you, if you will only spread out your samples at the Chicago Fair!" This is a puzzler for the intelligent foreigner. It is no wonder that he politely assures us that he will be well represented at the World's Fair, yet, when it comes to making an appropriation for that purpose, exhibits an utterly inadequate perception of the exigencies of the occasion. No wonder he thinks that we are inconsistent.

To disabuse his mind of that impression, we must needs tell him—it is something of a painful and humiliating confession—that our papers do not always mean what they say, and that our representatives at Washington do not always represent the ideas and opinions of the people who elected them. This is not a good showing for our republican form of government; but it is hard to see exactly how we can get out of it. It is not pleasant to confess that we intelligent Americans can not talk politics without running into nonsensical excess; and that the men whom the people elect to govern them are willing and able to defy the will of the people in order to advance the interests of a ring of manufacturers. Yet—is it not the truth?

The inconsistency of our two positions is not to be denied. But we have only to abandon the first to justify the second; and it must be said that we have abandoned it, and with a promptitude and decision that did us credit. When the people sent home the Republican majority of the 51st Congress, they reasserted their claim to the hard horse-sense that is at the foundation of our national character. They said in effect: "These men have betrayed the trust we imposed upon them; for a time they led us astray, and put folly and absurdity into our mouths. Now we have done with them, and we will have no more of their guidance." The verdict of the people, rendered at the November elections after the passage of the McKinley bill, is the justification of the American nation, now that it asks the co-operation of foreign nations in its great exhibition. Without such justification, our invitation to the world at large would be at once insulting and absurd. If this fact is not palatable to a self-respecting American, let him thank the McKinleyites who put him in a false position.

"But," the intelligent foreigner asks, "does not the material basis for the charge of inconsistency remain? You have disavowed responsibility for the McKinley bill; but it still stands on your statute-books. And was it not expressly aimed at the foreign trade, as a deterrent measure? In spite of it can we extend our market in America?" You can. Whatever that bill was aimed at—and we do not believe that it was aimed at anything but the pockets of a lot of rich manufacturers who were half-bribed and half-bullied into contributing to the Republican campaign fund—it hits nobody so hard as it hits the American people. Foreigners must ask for their wares a price as much higher than the natural price as will suffice to pay the duty on the goods. But this difference comes out of the American buyer's pocket. And can America pay that increased price? Yes; that is, so far as World's Fair goods are concerned, she can. We have the money. Unfortunately, it is in the pockets of ten men where it ought to be in the pockets of a hundred.

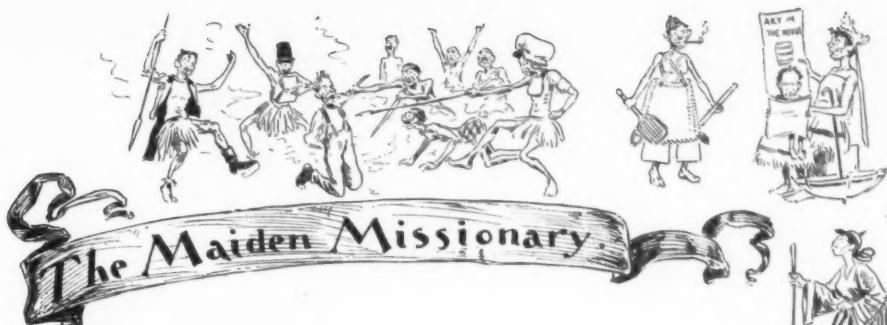
It is in the pockets of the men who have grown rich on protected copper and tin and iron and steel and glass and heaven knows what else. They have money to spare for the luxuries which form the bulk of foreign exhibits at a World's Fair. They can go to Chicago and buy foreign-made watches and jewelry and silverware and silks and laces and statuary and pictures. And the "highly protected" farmer or artisan or clerk may stand around and finger the dimes in his pocket while he looks at his betters—by the grace of McKinley—spending their dollars on the products of the pauper labor of Europe.

APPROPRIATE.

"I understand the Prince of Wales is about to adopt a new motto."
"Aw! Baw Jawve! What is it?"
"Hew to the Line, let the Chips fall where they may."

WANTED HOME COMFORTS.

FIRST THIEF.—Back again, eh? Was the West too woolly for you?
SECOND THIEF.—Yes; I'd rather be Duffeyed than Lynched.



THERE SHE goes, with schemes prolific for the heathen-isled Pacific,
All her soul with pity burning for those far-off coral shores;
She would have her friends endow a ladies' school in Chicahaua,
And establish kindergartens through the indolent Azores.

Now she pleads with you to sign a paper in behalf of China,
To correct an ancient evil by a prize for larger feet;
And her lovely eyes are swimming, while she speaks of heathen women,
With their shocking scant apparel and the vulgar food they eat.

Not a man has heart to snub her, though she turns the talk to blubber,
Oily natives of Kamschatka and the podgy Esquimaux,
Or, at hinted change of topic, takes you flying o'er the tropic,
To the swarthy son of Afric with a bangle through his nose.

Oh, she looks and speaks so sweetly that she wins your heart completely,
And her strings of dry statistics chain you like a silken mesh;
You give most profound attention to each several heathen mention,
For her face is like a rose-leaf, and your heart is only flesh.

By-and-by with fingers taper she presents a folded paper,
And you spread it out before you with a sigh that sweeps the floor;
Here are victims without number, from a poet to a plumber,
And you never saw such figures on a begging sheet before.

Up you glance with indecision — but you see a pleading vision,
Dewy lips beset with dimples, eyes like sweet unuttered prayers;
And with all your spirit burning you set down a whole week's earning,
To assist some lucky heathen up the shining golden stairs.

Paul Pastnor.



TO BE LET ALONE.

AH, IF you would but be mine, Angelina, sorrow should never
rend thy constant heart."

"Thanks; but my heart is to rent."

VERY CONFUSING.

"Tubbs would n't let his
fiancée work any longer at
the soda fountain."

"What was the trouble?"

"She got the winks mixed."

A SURPRISE ALL AROUND.

TOM.—Was the surprise party at
your house the other evening a surprise
to you?

JACK.—Yes.

TOM.—A genuine one?

JACK.—Yes.

TOM.—How surprised the surprisers
must have been!

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

MISS TRILL.—I love to hear the
birds sing.

JACK Mallet (*warmly*).—So do I.
They never attempt a piece beyond their
ability.

A PROFESSIONAL MASHER boasts that
he can down a lady victim by one
stroke of his moustache.

THE BOTTOM DOLLAR has great pressure
brought to bear upon it, whether it
stands alone or at the foot of a stack.

ON THE PIER.

"Look at those children! That sixteen-year-old boy is on the broad
grin while his sister is crying as if her heart would break."

"Yes. Their father is going to Europe."

HE STAID.

ETHEL.—They do say that Leighton
Layter wears stays.

MAUD.—I don't know about that;
but his stays wear me.

EXACTLY.

"I put my foot right down on the
whole business."

"You V-toed it, eh?"

THE GERMAN OF IT.

"That Blythe is a good deal of a
hypocrite."

"In what way?"

"Why, he's the kind of a man that
would strain at a beer and swallow a
kummel."

WES. SIDE.—How did you come to
lose "the tug of war?" I thought
you had a cinch.

M. HATTAN.—We did, too; but our
anchor moved over to Brooklyn some
time ago, and has lately bought a baby
carriage. He was thinking of it just
at the critical point of the pull, and—
and—pushed.

THIRTEEN MAY be unlucky, but nobody
objects to the odd number in a "baker's
dozen."

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

PASSENGER.—Put me off at Eighth Street!

CONDUCTOR.—I'd rather have yez git off yersilf, sur, quietly!



HALF-TRUE TALES:

Stories founded on fiction.

By C. H. Augur (Morris Waite)

Illustrations by C. J. Taylor

THE FINDING OF THE FINN.*

MY WIFE had engaged a new girl at the intelligence office. This simple event was the occasion of a few inconsequential remarks at the tea-table, and at intervals of twenty-four hours thereafter, the subject came up again, until we finally began to develop a plot. These tea-table conversations chronologically arranged, would read about as follows:



February 12th.

"The new girl came this afternoon, thank goodness!"
 "Irish, German, Swede or African?"
 "She's Finnish."
 "Oh! Beautiful Finnish girl, eh?"
 "No; not beautiful."
 "Antique finish?"
 "That's good; I purposely gave you an opportunity to say that."

February 13th.

"What's your new girl's name, Anna?"
 "Sophy."
 "How do you like her?"
 (Shrug — silence.)

February 14th.

"Sophy is n't very much of a cook, is she?"
 "She makes some plain things very well; but her knowledge of the art is limited. I shall have to teach her a great deal."
 "She is n't much on biscuit; that's certain."
 "I don't know whether she is or not."
 "Did n't she make these?"
 "No; she did n't. I did. There, now; say it!"

February 15th (Sunday).

"You look tired, Anna."
 "Yes;" (absently) "I help — deenner — Fix pudding — make soup."
 "What kind of dialect do you call that?"
 "What was I saying? Oh, dear! I shall forget the English language altogether if I have to stay in the kitchen with that girl half the time. It is fearfully hard to make her understand what I say."

February 16th.

"Is Sophy a good-natured girl?"
 "I'm afraid not, very. She's scarcely spoken a word all day. But, then, a rainy washing day makes me cross, too."

February 17th.

"Well, how's the Finnish girl now?"
 "Oh, just the same. I'm afraid she is sullen. I hoped I could make something out of her; but the outlook is n't promising."

February 18th.

"Sophy was n't sullen yesterday, after all."
 "Just a little morose, eh?"
 "She was homesick."
 "Ah!"
 "Yes, she was crying, this morning; and I found out what was the matter. Then she told me about her people and her home, and I felt

really sorry for her, thousands of miles away from them all. I was interested, too. Have you ever read much about Finland?"

"Oh, yes!"
 "Have you, really? Is the country noted for anything in particular?"
 "Why — yes."
 "What?"
 "Well — haddies."
 "Tell me about them. What are they?"
 "Salt fish; and the saltiest salt fish you —"

"Oh, come! don't be funny. I'm interested in Finland. I think it must be perfectly splendid. Sophy says that, now — in February — all the women of the house sit in the great big kitchen and spin. Just think of it! And in the evening, she says, the men come in to mend their harness and farming tools; and they all talk and laugh at their work, and have the jolliest kind of times; and they have these great Russian stoves that people sit on, you know and — oh, I wish I could understand more of what she says, it is all so old-fashioned and lovely! And there is that poor girl waiting for us to finish eating, so she can wash the dishes, and then she'll go poking off alone up to her little, cold room in the attic with no one to say good-night or anything else! Sullen! She's nothing of the kind! She's a good girl. Don't you think we can afford to buy a rug or some hangings, and a picture or two for that little room of hers? It's awfully bare."

"Certainly. Get some things and fit it up — some simple things. But it's a mystery to me how you found out so much about Sophy, considering your limited knowledge of the Finnish tongue."

"To-day is baking day, you know."

"Well?"

"Well, there was n't any baking done. But we are both going at it, to-morrow; and the day after, I'm going to Finland again."

February 19th.

"How did you get along with the baking to-day?"

"Splendidly."

"Sophy improves, does she?"

"Sophy? Yes, I think she does — a little."
 "By the way, Anna, what made Sophy come to America?"
 "Can't you wait till I find out?"
 "Possibly. I'll try."

February 20th.

"I've found —"
 "One moment! Pour the tea, please; set the bread where I can reach it, also the salt, and the butter; and dish out my peaches now, too; and place the cake basket on my side of the table. Now; you have found —"

"I've found out why she came over. It's a romance. Sophy's papa — she calls him Papa — is a wealthy man; that is, for Finland, where no one has any money, you know —"



"I did n't know. What does his wealth consist in? Children?"

"No; cows, sheep, and things like that. But he's mean, and won't let any of his children have a thing except the eldest son. That's the way it is in those European countries, you know—everything for the eldest son. Only, Sophy's father is worse than most of them; for he would n't give her cows and sheep enough to get married on."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, there was a widow who owned the adjoining farm, and she had a son who loved Sophy; but his mama was just as mean as Sophy's papa, and would n't let him marry a wife unless he got just so many sheep and cows to boot. She was a cruel old thing!"

"I should say so! Wanted a lot of cows for him to boot, eh? Now, my uncle Silas says he would n't have a man around his place that would boot a cow. He says it makes them give bloody milk. But go ahead."



"No, I won't; any such thing."

"Why?"

"Because I won't."

"Oh! Well, what did Sophy's young man do about it?"

"He left home; came to America, and now he's somewhere out in Michigan."

"Why does n't Sophy go out there and marry him?"

"What a question! She can't."

"Why? It does n't cost so very much to go to Michigan. You can get a ticket—"

"Oh, pshaw! She can't do such a thing as that. It would n't be proper. Besides, she has her European ideas, and thinks she must have a lot of money to turn over to her husband when she gets married. She's saving it as fast as ever she can."

"Good for her! Well, why does n't the young Finn come and marry her? Or is he filled with that admirable European idea, too?"

"Of course, he is n't. He would come in a minute; but he thinks she is in Finland. And, now, the poor girl is distressed with the fear that she has n't done right in coming to America, at all. I can see that she thinks worlds of him, but nothing would induce her to let him know where she is. But I'm going to let him know, or, you are, rather."

"Oh, here, here, here, here!"

"That's all right."

"Well, just stop and think, now! Don't you know that the State of Michigan swarms with Finns and Swedes and Polanders and Norwegians, and all kinds of foreigners who can't read English, or speak English, or do anything English? Don't you know that all the lumber camps employ these men, and that the woods are literally full of them? Don't you know that the copper mines and the iron mines swallow them up in thousands? Don't you know that whole colonies of them settle along the shores of the lakes, and that the sails of their fishing boats whiten the surface of the water as far as the eye can reach? Of course, you don't; but I do. It's all well enough to talk about bringing these two fond hearts together; but how are you going to locate any particular Finn in the State of Michigan? That's what I want to know."

"I'll tell you, if you are through."

"Well, you tell me."

"In the first place, Sophy knows where he is. I wonder you did n't think of that possibility before you lost your head."

"Go on. I did n't say anything."

"You remember our vacation two years ago last Summer, when we sailed from Buffalo to Duluth on the steamer *Nyack*."

"Yes."

"You remember that bluff old Mr. Hobbs, whom we met on the boat, and whom you took such a fancy to."

"Very well, indeed."

"You know we stopped over one boat coming back, at Marquette, where Mr. Hobbs kept a store."

"Yes, I know."

"You remember Mr. Polk, the landlord at the Old Cliff House."

"Great Scott, yes! And I remember the porter and the bell-boy, and I remember the livery-man, and the captain of the steamer, and the



clerk, and the steward; but what has all that to do with your Finn? What are you driving at?"

"My Finn lives in Marquette, and I want you to write to Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Polk to see if they know him, and to find out if he is—nice—before we write to him. He might not be a good man, after all. He might even be married; and that would be horrid. But if we find that he is single and all right in every way, then we will write him about Sophy."

So we wrote; and in due time, (never mind exact dates now,) we received an answer from Mr. Hobbs. It was as follows:

Dear Sir:

I got your letter all right and was glad to hear from you. I don't like to say anything against the Finn. He is a big liar and I think he is no good. He owes me 18.25 going on two years and he always will. He is a married man.

Yours truly,

H. Hobbs.

My wife had opened and read this letter (although it was plainly addressed to me). When I reached home from the office, she handed it to me, but said nothing; and when I glanced at her after reading it, she was looking the other way, and her eyes were moist. It was a bitter disappointment to her; and I was quite sincere when I said that I was very sorry the affair had turned out so badly.

It was just at that moment that the postman's whistle sounded at the door, and Sophy brought in a second letter bearing the Marquette postmark. This one was from Mr. Polk, who wrote:

Dear Sir—Alec Lammi, the Finn you inquire about, is a fisherman here, and has supplied the hotel with fresh fish for some time. He is an industrious, thrifty fellow, pays his debts, and has money in the bank. He is single.

Yours truly,

W. H. Polk.

"What did that Mr. Hobbs mean by writing as he did!" exclaimed my wife, when I had read this letter aloud.

"He meant to convey information," I replied; "just as Mr. Polk did in writing his letter. Evidently, there are two Alexander Lammi in Marquette, and we've caught one on each hook. We'll write to Alexander, the fisherman, to-night, and see what he has to say for himself."

This is the letter we wrote after tea:

Dear Sir—If you are the Alexander Lammi who came to this country from Minninkytava, Finland, about three years ago, you must be acquainted with Miss Sophy Riikjaki. That young lady is now at my house, and a letter addressed in my care would reach her. Please let me know by return mail, whether you are the Mr. Lammi referred to; and, if you are not, do not hand this letter to any other person or mention its contents, until you have first communicated with me.

We put *Fisherman* in the lower corner of the envelope, mailed the letter, and awaited the reply.

It came on the sixth day, after.

My wife and I were at the tea-table again, and we had been wondering whether the evening mail would bring the letter.

"There is the postman, now," I said; hearing a step at the basement door and a ring at the bell.

Sophy opened the door. There was a kind of cry, a strong man's voice jabbering something in a foreign tongue, hysterical laughter and a clattering of boot soles down the passage-way from the front door to the kitchen.

My wife had risen from her chair, and stood, bent forward, listening intently. She stepped over to the door between the dining-room and the kitchen, and put her ear—not her eye, mind,—to the keyhole. Then she flew over to where I sat, and hugged me in the most ridiculous manner.

When she had loosened her hold, I told her that now we would have to get another girl.

"Yes," she replied; "and, really, I must get a better cook than Sophy."



A CRAWL.

CAL SOMINE (*rising*).—Gen'lemen, I kain't continue in dis game; dar's cheatin' goin' on. (*Three razors are instantly drawn.*) Huh—ah—! But, as I was sayin', I'se only made two dollars 'n' a quawtah by hit, w'ich I begs t' refund, and wivdraw!

A DISHONEST EMPLOYEE.

FIRST COUNTERFEITER.—Why did you dis-charge that new workman?

SECOND COUNTERFEITER.—He cheated me. He put in half silver.

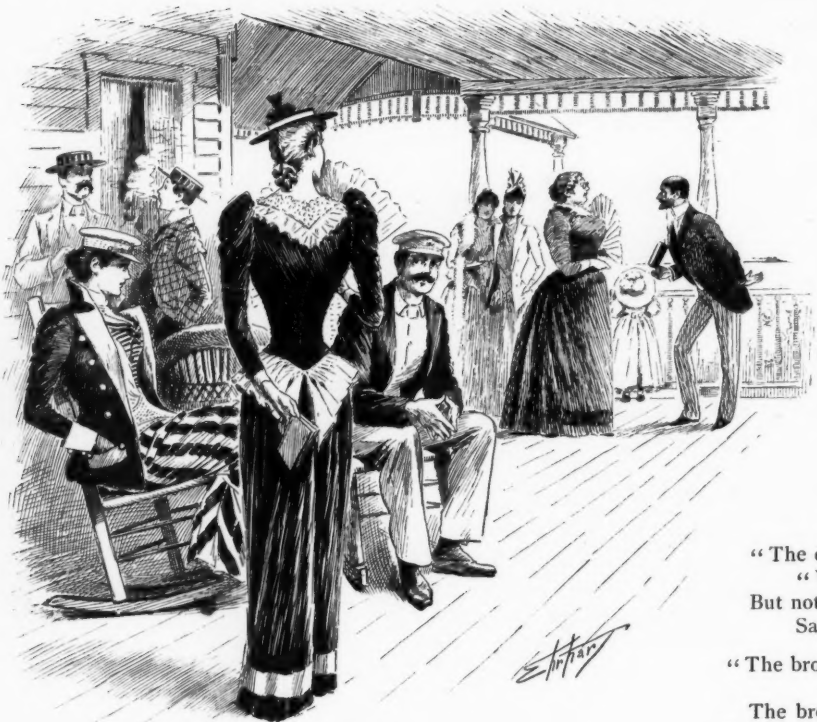
AMUSEMENT NOTES—Jokes.

TOO SPIRITUAL.

"I once wrote a ghost story for the *Weekly Balloon*, and—"

"Was it a good one?"

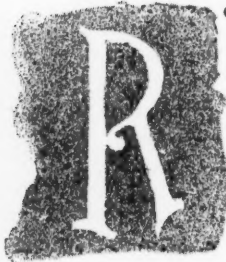
"In one way it was, and in another it was n't. Its literary finish was exquisite; but the ghost never walked."



WELL SERVED.

"Why in the name of goodness does Mr. Garson always take that peculiar position when speaking to any one?"
 "Force of habit, I s'pose; they say he was a head-waiter at one time."

BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN ON THE MANUFACTURE OF CLIMATE.



ROIGHT ON TAP av the announshmint that a company out in Kansas City is goin' to incrase the precariousness av loife by poipin' cowlid air made out av all sortsh av ikshploviv chemicals, an' if they don't blow yer house an' yersilf into smithereens, will make you loiable to take yer dith av cowlid by sittin' in a draught whin some wan onbeknownst to ye turns on the tap av the January in the middle av July; well, as Oi was sayin', roight alongsoide av that, Moike tills me that a man out West or there-abowts has invinted a balloon

that 'll make it rain on washin' days, an' all sortsh av inconyavnient saysons. It's bad enuf to depend on the onsartinties an' capreeches av the Weather Bureau; but if iviry fickle human crayther that has a moind to kin sail up an' meet a foine day in the air, an' turn it intil a rain storum, well, indade, may we say wid the prophet, "We know not fwat a day may bring forth." If rain balloons gets to be a common practish, an' Oi presoom no wan kin take out a patent to privint any wan ilse doin' fwat he plases wid the humidity, Oi dare say, afther a whoile we 'll have a National Prohibition Wather Parthy. It 'll have to be desoidid how far up in the atmosphere the United States has a roight to interfere, an' thin may be Congress kin sit apart a national washin' day on fwich rainin' is prohibited. If the mummies av ancient Egypt had been befor handed enuf to git acquaintance wid modhern mithods av irrygashun, they nade n't have waited for the overflowin' av the Noile. But it's wan av the misforthins av loife that yiz kin nivir profit by yer iksparyens till afther it's pasht.

Roight alongside av the Rain Balloon comes the notish av an Umbrella Providin'

Company, that 'll let you pick up an umbrella anywhere in the length and breadth av the counthry if yiz have n't losht the check that you paid three dollars a year fur. The notishes comin' out together is moor than coinsidinshes, an' it's my opinyun that the Rain Balloon man an' the Umbrella Company is in league wid wan another, an' they 'll soak the poor ould airth through an' through to git a good sale fur umbrellas.

M. Bouchier Sanford.

LOVE'S YOUNG DIFFICULTIES.

"DEAR EDITH," said the gentle youth,
 "Those brilliant starry skies
 Are so much like — to tell the truth —"
 Said she: "Be wise! Be wise!"

"Nay, then," he murmured in her ear,
 "Behold the rose-bush there;
 Beside your cheek those blooms appear —"
 Said she: "Forbear! Forbear!"

"The dew it softly falls," he said,
 "When eventide has come;
 But not more softly than the tread —"
 Said she: "Be dumb! Be dumb!"

"The brook makes music without words,
 The breezes whisper low;
 But sweeter e'en than song of birds —"
 Said she: "Oh, say not so!"

"The willow bends most gracefully,"
 Said he, "when winds are rough;
 But far more graceful is" — Said she:
 "Enough! Enough! Enough!"

"Then, do you spurn my love?"
 said he;
 "Dark, then, must be my fate."
 "Oh, no," she answered tenderly;
 "It's chestnut love I hate."



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS
 "The Turning of the Tide."

AWARE OF HER POWERS.

MR. FLUBDUB. — What speaking eyes Miss Orbes has!

MISS DE TRACT. — And how well she knows how to use them. She merely stares at you when you try to engage her in conversation.

A STRONG GUARANTEE.

MISS FLORA WALL (to DEALER). — You guarantee this cement to be good, do you?

DEALER. — Yes, Ma'am. You could mend a broken heart with that cement.

MISS FLORA WALL. — I 'll take three bottles.

CHOKE OFF THE NOZZLE.

Between the "dry light" of history and the dry plates of photography there is little chance of slopping over about the heros of these times.

WE NEVER THOUGHT of an appropriate name for people who recite "I am not Mad," "The Wooing of Henry the V.," and "The Bells of Shandon" until a year ago; and now, having philologically deliberated on the matter, we have determined to give the name to the world: These readers should be called electrocutionists.

ANGLOMANIA has reached Harlem. Lochmuller, the butcher, calls his cat Albert Edward, because it's always playing round the counters.



A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

HOUSEHOLDER (appearing suddenly). — You're welcome to the silver, if you'll take this portrait of my wife's mother, too. I've been trying to get rid of it for years!



EXCLUSIVE.

GIRLIE SUMMERS.—Gerald! don't put your arm around my waist; everybody on the piazza can see!
GERALD BLAISER.—Oh, no! They might see my arm, perhaps; but they could n't possibly see your waist!

"ADS."

WHEN ALL MANKIND IS BALD.

JONES'S SKULL-SHAPING INSTITUTION.
ONE TERM WORKS WONDERS!

It is useless trying to improve from without; all true growth is from within. We claim the only existing scientific method, that of training such qualities as are lacking, to produce an interesting array of phrenological developments.

Send Stamp for Particulars.
ROTUNDA. CIRCLE ROAD.

MASSAGE! MASSAGE! MASSAGE!

PROF. W. E. RUBBEM
will effect in a few weeks what a Shaping Institution takes years to accomplish.
All persons suffering from undesirable bumps should not fail to see the Professor.
No. 33 PINCH AVENUE.

TESTIMONIALS.

For many years I have suffered the deformity of an enormous bump of combativeness. No one dared approach me. Owing to the skillful treatment of Prof. W. E. Rubbem the surrounding hollows have been so built up that my temper index is no longer noticed, and I am making friends fast and freely.
J. R. K.

I was the victim of a vexatious lack of self-esteem. Prof. W. E. Rubbem has supplied me with *quantum suf.*, and I now feel ready to take my stand side by side with any one.
L. OWLEY.

(We could quote a hundred such cases, but space forbids.)

"THE SHINE" POLISHING PARLORS.

Our establishment has been entirely refitted. None but first-class polishers employed.

GIVE US A TRIAL!

TERMS: 15 cents per scalp; or, seven tickets for \$1.00.
No Extra Charge for Children.

THE CLOCK-WORK FLY-FRIGHTENER.

This timely little invention, intended to be worn during the warm weather, is adjusted to the collar, and, besides protecting the scalp from the annoying travels of the fly, proves a decidedly fashionable and becoming ornament.

Prices range from \$1.50 to \$5.00, according to style.

BE ADVISED.

The plainest household tabby cat may smile upon a king;
A simple rule, and no king's fool enough to break it.
A woman's proffered counsel you think is no great thing;
But what a fool's the wisest man who sometimes does n't take it!

A VERDICT EXPLAINED.

JUDGE.—Gentlemen of the Jury, your verdict is not in accordance with the evidence.

FOREMAN.—May it please the court, the evidence was not in accordance with the facts.

A GOLDEN MEAN.

PEBBLE I. TIMBERTOE (*on being refused alms*).—Do you know what I would do if I had your money?

CLOSEFIST.—No, I do not. What would you do?

PEBBLE I. TIMBERTOE.—I'd be just as mean as you are.

POLITE.

STARBOARD.—A very polite sneak thief came into our house the other night.

FLATMAN.—Polite?

STARBOARD.—Yes. He lifted all the hats he found in the hall-way.

LABELED.

EDITH.—Was it *very* ill-natured of me to tell him that Daisy was rather—larky?

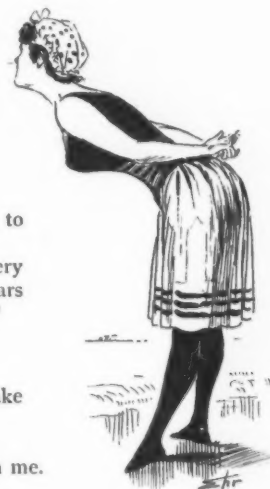
ROSE.—Of course not; it's patent to every one. Why, even the black stockings she wears in bathing are stamped, "Warranted fast!"

A SURE THING.

DADDY.—If you are a good boy I'll take you to the circus.

SONNY.—Suppose I ain't a good boy?

DADDY.—Then you'll have a circus with me.



A PARTICULAR FIT.

CUSTOMER.—This coat does n't fit; it's too tight across the breast.
TAILOR.—You want to take about fifty dollars out of your inside pocket and it'll be all right.



AGAINST THE RULES.

FIRST HOD-CARRIER.—What did the Walkin' Diligante fine ye for, Mike?

SECOND DITTO.—Fur comin' down th' ladder two rounds at a time.



HE'S NO CH

UNCLE SAM (to EUROPE).—Come on! Don't fear! Never mind the impudent interference of those meddling busybodies.



S NO CHINAMAN.

meddling busybodies. I'm rich enough and sensible enough to trade with other civilized nations in spite of their impositions.

NOT ONTO THE RACKET.



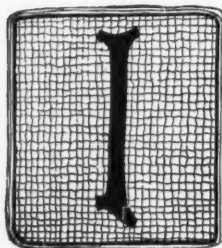
MISS SUMMERS.—Oh, Mr. Winrow, we want a nice place to put up this net; will you—

FARMER WINROW.—Now, jis' you give it to me, and when you get back from the post-office it'll be all right. I put one up for our boarders last year.



FARMER WINROW (*viewing his work*).—That durned hammock'll reach all over the farm. Fam'ly size, I reckon. Them stakes'd never hold it.

VIRTUE.



IF I HAD all the money that has been made by Virtue, I could entertain Vice in so much handsomer a manner than it could entertain me that we should be sworn enemies immediately. Virtue steals Vice blind. This seems strange, but why should it not well be when Virtue is protected by the Police?

Where could be found a more virtuous lot of men than among our friends in Philadelphia, some of whom are now on their wind-

ing way to the penitentiary, while some, being strongly armed in honesty, are only shaking in their boots? How nervously they listen for every sound! Booh!

It is fun to make them jump that way. Yet we should not be cruel to them. They are beginning to feel almost safe, and to enjoy a certain sense of security. They whisper to themselves, "No eye is upon us." Ah, there!

Pandora seems to me a public benefactor when compared to those misguided persons who invented the virtues. The natural, free, and healthsome life of man is a life of vice, in which all are equal and all are happy as the day is long. Each individual is upon his guard; he protects himself from the attacks of good friends, and becomes, by the exercise of his faculties, a person of pith and understanding. But what happens when Virtue is intruded into this arcadian existence? Straightway men are put off their watch; they are deceived by the cloak of Virtue, and instead of being beaten in open warfare such as Vice waged, they are cajoled to their undoing.

Vice, when pursued beyond natural and proper limits, may wreck the individual; but Virtue wrecks its neighbors, besides displaying, while doing this, such an intolerable air of morality as to wreck our emotions.

Behold the world's religious leaders, its judges, its politicians, its public officers! Abraham would have slain Isaac to his own glory, and many a fanatic since has been zealous to offer the sacrifice of another's existence as a slight testimonial

of his own virtue. It is always the existence of another, for it is a trait of the ambitious moralist that he never thinks to sacrifice himself. Yet what a redeeming trait this would be!

There are many judges upon the bench who so revere their reputation for honesty that when a question is presented to them they do not bring to bear upon it their knowledge of the law, but they try it by their conscience to see what decision will most bear out their name for uprightness. If a crime is so flagrant that the people easily perceive it, and so enormous that they clamor for punishment, the judge immediately decides in favor of the criminal, inasmuch as the opportunity to show himself unmoved and unswerving is too valuable to be lost for the sake of mere justice.

The Romans prided themselves upon their hardy integrity; and, to show this integrity, it was their delight to sacrifice their friends and those to whom they owed their power; openly to sacrifice their kindred and secretly to commit an enormous outrage, afforded them equal satisfaction.

To-day our politicians and public officers, from presidents to mayors, do not sacrifice their friends; but, on the other hand, they joyously offer up to the god of public virtue enough deserving strangers to compensate.

I have no war with Virtue. I believe there are people who can practice it in their households and in their own private lives without danger to others, but strict laws should prevent Virtue from being carried unconcealed in public. This is a practical age, and men are coming to think that what reason dictates and what is in fact dead-right is sufficiently accurate for their needs. If our bankers will use people's money with sense and discretion, it is quite enough, and the money will always be found when the depositors, through some thoughtless oversight, happen to need it in their business. If our legislators will use sense in the laws they make, people will pardon them for any sad lack of sentiment over the coffee-coolers of the war, or over the country's infant industries. If judges will decide cases under the law, as they are paid for doing, no further demands will be made upon them.

Virtue is undoubtedly a very nice thing; but when too much exposed to the open air, it is likely to taint and to turn into poisonous hypocrisy.

Williston Fish.



THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

BOB THINGUM.—As a moralist, Upson Downes is a dead failure.

WATTS HISNAME.—How so?

BOB THINGUM.—Well, after giving me a lot of advice about getting on in the world, he tried to borrow ten dollars from me.



DEMOCRATIC TITLES.

WE OFTEN SAY with joy
and pride,
Our hearers to convince
Of some one's quality, that
he 's
A veritable prince.

An equine beats the record while
She 's foaming as the surf,
And then she is the reigning Queen
Of all the Yankee turf.

In speaking of the lion wild
That on the human feasts,
We all admit, admiringly,
That he 's the King of Beasts.

It strikes me as remarkable,
And hard to understand,
How royal titles shine in this
Most democratic land.

Methinks in speaking of a Prince
Whom we with favor scan,
We should proclaim him far and wide
A blooming Alderman.

The fastest racer on the track,
To fame should ever be
The Lady of the White House of
The turf, it seems to me.

The lion, while he caracoles
With fair or foul intent,
Of all the animals on earth
Should be the President.

A "real bona fide" Duke
In whom some good we see,
A Senator we should proclaim
In our unbounded glee.

Our playing-cards we e'en should take
And tear to smithereens,
Till Postmistresses and Governors
Supplant the Kings and Queens.

These names that smack of royalty
We should be far above,
If but to be consistent with
The principles we love.

R. K. M.

"I SO MUCH like that senti-
ment: 'Our life is round-
ed with a sleep.'"

JACKSON (*sighing*).—I 'd
like to be sure that it will be
squared with the awakening."

WE CAN NOT agree with
Ellen Terry when she says
that the art of shedding tears
without cause can not be ac-
quired. We know a girl who
has acquired the art. She got
the seal-skin sacque, too.

[T IS THE man who pokes
his nose into the brewer's
business who gets it red.

[F THE CRAZE lasts much
longer, lucky children will
be born with souvenir spoons
in their mouths.

FOR ONCE IN GOOD
COMPANY.

RESIGNED.—Messrs. Quay,
Dudley and all decent persons.

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano
is a guarantee of its excellence.



WHY MR. MOCKE ORANGE LOST
HIS TRAIN.

JOEL B., NOT SHARP, YOU SEE.

Platt, Dudley and Quay
Are not in the way;
They 're party birds all of a feather.
But Erhardt must go—
He 's honest, you know;
And honor 's not in it, this weather.

(Quay, Dudley and Platt
Give their sworn word to *that*—
Though many would not try to pass it);
So they cut Joel off,
Called their droves to the trough,
And turned on their G. O. P. Fassett.

FINGERS ALL THUMBS.

S. S. TEACHER.—Some of the giants of olden
times had six fingers on each hand.

JIMMY (*a pupil*).—That 's nothin'. Some of
de New York giants has five thumbs.

THESE ARE the days when the caterpillar gets
the drop on a man.



A BASE-BALL MIRACLE.

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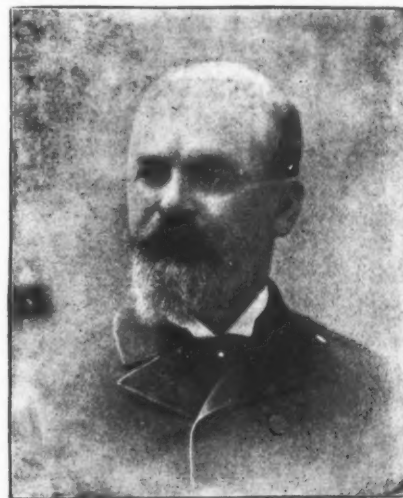
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or creak by handling; does not lose its lustre by age; dust will
not stick to work finished with it. IS NOT A VARNISH. Contains
no Turpentine, Benzine, Naphtha, Alcohol, or other injurious
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50c. per bundle.
Ask your dealer for them.

L. MILLER & SONS, 140 Chambers St., New York.
REHSTRAT, GAIL & CO., Chicago, Illinois. 192

DID HIM INJUSTICE.

MRS. HIGHUP.—I do not believe that that
gentleman who is so attentive to you is an Eng-
lish nobleman at all. He has a shrewd, wary
look, which seems to indicate that he has been
in trade.

MISS HIGHUP.—Oh! you do him injustice.
That comes from playing baccarat with the
prince.—*New York Weekly.*

A NEW YORK woman hopped out of bed the
other night, flung her arms around a burglar and
held him while her husband ran several blocks
for a policeman. All of which goes to show that
the husband was not of a jealous disposition.—
Detroit Free Press.

Seventeen solid trains leave New York daily for the
North and West via New York Central. See time-table.

TURN-COATS.

MAJOR BINKS.—Pat, will you have a peach?
PAT.—Faix no; I never cud enjoy those trai-
torous varmint.

MAJOR BINKS.—What do you mean?

PAT.—I mean that they are green when they
're little, and orange when they 're grown up.—
Lake Shore News.

The World's Fair Special reaches Chicago in time to
make all Western connections. See New York Central
time-table.

WHILE thousands within the last decade have enjoyed
the sport of cycling, the fact is nevertheless obvious that
many thousands more have been deterred from enjoying it
in consequence of the high prices demanded for a really
good wheel.

It remained for the John P. Lovell Arms Co., of Boston,
to change this state of affairs. It was last year that the
public first became aware that there was a new low-priced
safety bicycle on the market, a wheel strictly high grade,
and the equal in every particular to any manufactured in
America or Europe. As previous to this all manufacturers
had charged a very large price for a first-class wheel, the
John P. Lovell Arms Co. is therefore the first house that
has ever offered the public such a wheel at a price that does
not place it beyond the reach of the average person's purse.
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Diamond Safety") is one of the oldest of all the manufactur-
ing and mercantile houses in New England, having been
established in 1840.

Besides being now one of the leading bicycle firms in
the United States, The John P. Lovell Arms Co. is and
has been for years a well known manufacturer and dealer
in fire-arms and sporting goods of every description.

On June 13th of last year, the firm celebrated its half-
century anniversary. The founder of this enterprising
house, Mr. John P. Lovell, although seventy years of age,
is still an important and active member of this world-famed
house.

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of that date.

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Best Playing Cards
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NEW YORK.

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idols out of old-fash-
ioned remedies, and by
their use subject them-
selves to false imagina-
tion, sacrifice and even
torture. But

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on receipt of **25c.**

THE music of the mosquito contains no rests.—Puck.
HE objects to bars, too.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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tobacco that does not bite the tongue,
and is free from any foreign mixture.
More solid comfort in one package of
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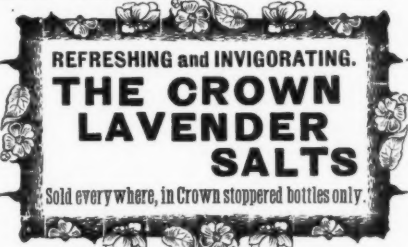
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TOLLED QUIETLY—The Church Bell.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.



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MR. WATERMAN.—Yes; the drought compels us to economize; but we mean to make it all right with our customers. As soon as it rains we shall allow them to use double the usual quantity.
—Detroit Free Press.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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HYPNOTISM IN FICTION.

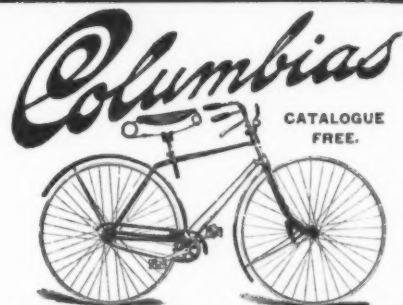
The many who have enjoyed the series of "HYPNOTIC TALES," by James L. Ford, as they have appeared in PUCK, will appreciate their appearance in book form, together. Hypnotism is the medium for stories bright with humor and mild satire, which will prove very amusing Summer reading. The volume contains, also, other specimens of Mr. Ford's clever work. The illustrations, too, are clever.
—Boston Times.

NOT PLEASANT ONES.

An Empty Dream—Going to bed supperless.
—Lake Shore News.



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BAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, BLOTCHY, Oily skin, Red, Rough Hands, with chaps, painful finger ends and shapeless nails, and simple Baby Humors prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvellous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, it is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, CUTICURA SOAP produces the whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, and most complexional disfigurements, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps.

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Can You Do It?

EVIDENTLY POVERTY-STRICKEN.
MRS. HAYFORK.—I think we'd better make that there young feller pay his board in advance.
MR. HAYFORK.—Ain't he got no money?
MRS. HAYFORK.—He can't have much. He's been goin' around all day in a coat made out of an old flag.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

BOTH IN THE SAME BOAT.

OLD CLOTHES MAN.—Have you any old clothes that you want to get rid of?

TRAVERS.—No. Have you?—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

"WHY could not the thermometer be listed at the stock exchange?"

"They would then have something that has gone up this Summer."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

MISS CALCIUM.—They say that Miss Footlights is going to marry young Cadby.

MISS WINGS.—What—on her salary? How imprudent!—*Boston Post.*

TRAMPS can make \$10 to \$15 a day in Saratoga by begging. We print this in the hope that some of them will conclude to go there.—*Boston Post.*

GAYMAN.—This is a great day with us at home. My daughter "comes out" to-night.

DUMLEV.—Don't say! So does my brother. He's been in for seven years.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A DESPATCH from Cape May Point speaks of President Harrison as being "in the surf;" but is he "in the swim?"—*Boston Post.*

Use Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American appetizer of exquisite flavor. Manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your Druggist.

You can stop over at Niagara Falls on ticket by New York Central and Lake Shore or Michigan Central. Ask ticket-agent.

CAUTION. SEE THAT BENT & CO.'S HAND-MADE WATER CRACKERS BEAR THEIR STAMP.

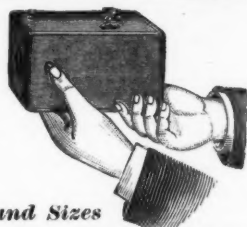
GETTING A CONCESSION.

FIRST VOTER.—You are bound to admit one thing about Senator Buncombe—he does n't put himself up at auction for the highest bidder.

SECOND VOTER.—That's true; he has to be bought privately.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

NEW KODAKS

"You press the button,
we do the rest."



Seven new Styles and Sizes

ALL LOADED WITH **Transparent Films.**

For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

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The Great Health Drink.
Package makes 5 gallons. Delicious, sparkling, and appetizing. Sold by all dealers. FREE a beautiful Picture Book and cards sent to any one addressing
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OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW. We clean or dye the most delicate shade or fabric. No ripping required. Repair to order. Write for terms. We pay expressage both ways to any point in the U. S. McEWEEN'S STEAM DYE WORKS AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT, NASHVILLE, TENN. 627 Mention PUCK. 134

AMATEUR ACTRESS.—I appear in *Juliet* next Winter. What do you appear in?

PROFESSIONAL ACTRESS.—Tights.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE BOSTON GARTER

The day is coming when all men will wear garters. The day is here when a good proportion of them realize that a man's appearance more than a woman's requires a smooth and well-held-up stocking. The BOSTON GARTER is the only comfortable garter on the market. It automatically adjusts itself to any size of leg. It is the only garter which does not completely encircle the leg with an elastic band, and does not bind, in no way interfering with the circulation.

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CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

Good varnish sticketh—doth not turn to dust and blow away, or rust and look gray, or crack.

We shall be glad to send you, free, the "People's Text-Book on Varnish," from which you will become intelligent, not on varnish itself, but on varnished things; know what to expect of and how to care for proper varnish on house-work, piano, furniture, carriage, etc.; and how to get it in buying these things.

The intention is to help you avoid the losses that come of poor varnish, no matter who uses it!

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HOLD YOUR TROUSERS

up with the
CENTURY-BRACE

THE BEST SUSPENDER

because it is **ALWAYS ELASTIC.**

If your furnisher does not keep it, send for circular.
CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., ROXBURY STATION, MASS.

Baron Liebig

The great chemist pronounced the well known Liebig Company's Extract of Beef made of the finest River Platte cattle, infinitely superior in flavor and quality to any made of cattle grown in Europe or elsewhere. He authorized the use of

His well known signature *as the* **LIEBIG COMPANY'S** *trade mark* **Extract of Beef.**

For Delicious Beef Tea.

For Improved and Economic Cookery.

Not long ago the *Pall Mall Gazette* sent out a circular to the great heads of Great Britain, to ascertain their opinion of the most important hundred books to be read for a liberal education. Sir John Lubbock had previously sent out a list on his own hook, and on this list he had a great many ancients, or chestnuts, if you will. Replies to the other circulars showed how great minds, like doctors, can disagree. Some wanted Camoëns, and others would not have Hesiod at any price. The man who swore by Horace pronounced Aristophanes coarse and brutal, while the man who thought literature would be incomplete without Cervantes would not think of such a thing as admitting Ariosto and Dante Alighieri. Having read these circulars carefully, we don't hesitate to say that PUCK'S LIBRARY is more to be desired than Horace, with his apple-orchard on the Tiber thrown in; and that PICKINGS FROM PUCK is such a liberal educator in itself, that when one has it, it is not necessary to read Sallust, Virgil or Euripedes.

Don't become constipated. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

EDEN MUSÉE, 55 W. 23d STREET, NEW YORK.

Open from 11-11, Sundays from 1-11.

Grand Success, COLUMBIA BALLET, Every Evening at 8 o'clock.

THE WHOLE WORLD IN WAX.

ART GALLERY, SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

AJEEB, THE MYSTIFYING CHESS AUTOMATON.

Admission, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, \$1.00.

HE WAS RICH.

HURLY.—We always hang Uncle John's pictures in a prominent place. He's an artist, you know.

BURLY.—A good one, I suppose.

HURLY.—No, indeed. He does not know the first thing about painting.

BURLY.—Then, why—?

HURLY.—Oh, he's very wealthy, and my wife expects to become his heiress.—*Yankee Blade.*

MEN may come and men may go, but for coming and going the servant girl has a record that never will be broken except by herself.—*Peck's Sun.*

"YES, the ceremony has been performed, and John and Mary are one."

"Indeed? Which one?"

"Well," answered the father of the bride, "from what I know of Mary's mother, I should say—but, ah! here she comes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HE WAS CALLED.

"Landlord, I want to be called at seven o'clock sharp to-morrow morning."

"All right, sir; I'll wake you myself."

"Are you sure that you won't oversleep? Have you an alarm-clock?"

"No; but we have a baby."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE French journalist Sarcey picks up a lot of news by having luxurious apartments and a sideboard stocked with choice liquors to attract callers. Any number of American reporters would be willing to compete with him if they were furnished with the same outfit.—*Boston Post.*

MARK TWAIN is at Aix-le-Bains, under treatment for writer's cramp. His hand has given out from overwork in signing checks and making deposit accounts.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE OF AUTOGRAF OF STEWART HARTSHORN'S LABEL ON THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN'S

BOKER'S BITTERS.
The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS.
and as fine a cordial as ever made. To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNK, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

AHEM!

HE.—Who was that man talking in the parlor with so bad a cold?

SHE.—Only a sewing-machine agent.

HE.—I thought from the noise he was ahem-ing machine agent.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WOMEN may not be deep thinkers, but they are generally clothes observers.—*Texas Siftings.*

WHICH are trumps in games of base-ball—clubs or diamonds?—*Peck's Sun.*

Pittsfield Special on New York Central has buffet cars through. See time-table.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—The original, most soluble.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

STOP!

YE HURRYING PEOPLE STOP!

DROP YOUR GLITTERING QUARTERS

DROP!

And get your

PICKINGS FROM PUCK,
SIXTH CROP.

64 pages chockfull of mirth.

Surely

A GENEROUS QUARTER'S WORTH,

If you're satisfied short of

THE BLOOMING EARTH.

The

Daylight

There are lamps and lamps, and the question of amount of light is no longer the question; any of them give light enough. But the lamp that's easiest to light, easiest to take care of and keeps its oil fount coolest, that's the lamp of to-day and that's the Daylight.

Send for our A B C book on Lamps.

Craighead & Kintz Co., 33 Barclay St., N. Y.



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It may not matter

to you that PEARS' SOAP is over 100 years old nor that it has a larger sale than any other toilet soap in the world, but it does matter whether you use upon your skin a poor soap or a good one. That PEARS' SOAP is the best soap is attested by the judges in every international exhibition from the first in London, 1851, to the last in Edinburgh, 1890.

Beware of poor imitations, and be sure you get the genuine PEARS' SOAP.

HENRY LINDENMEYER,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.

No. 15 & 17 BEEKMAN STREET.
BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUSTON ST. NEW YORK.

DODGED THE UMPIRE.

A seedy looking individual knocked at the door of a house on Cass Avenue, and when the girl opened it he said:

"Judging from your expression, you mistake me for a tramp?"

"Yes," said the girl, "judging from your appearance I do."

"Well, you wrong me. I have had a wrestle with Fate and been thrown, but I am no tramp." "I'll let Towser decide," said the girl; "he never makes a mistake."

But while Towser was getting up the cellar-stairs the "tramp" worked his way out of the neighborhood.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHERE THEY COME FROM.

FOOTLYTES.—Why don't you try to write an original drama?

SCENER.—How can I? I do not know a single foreign language.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

WARDEN (looking for trusty convict to perform a small task outside of the prison).—James, have you ever been outside of the walls?

JAMES.—Oh, yis, sor; I was bor-rrn outside.—*Prison Mirror.*

PUCK.



THE VICTIMS' TURN.

When Father Aesop finally died
His aged spirit was full of pride;
And as he started for Styx's shore
He looked forward with joy to passing o'er
In the special boat for spectacular shows,
With Charon dressed up in his Sunday clo'es,
And a band of music tooting ahead
To announce his advent among the dead.

"Oh, how they will flock to the water-side!"
The old man said, in his simple pride,
"To lead me into the spirits' ground,
Where all the day I'll wander around,
Attended by a respectful throng,
As dropping my fables I wander along!
And as I walk on my honored way,
They will split their ear-drums to hear what I say!"

But as he approached the river dim,
They did n't seem ready to welcome him.
There was no procession ready to march;
There was n't a single triumphal arch;
No flowers, no committee, no band
To welcome him into the Spirit Land.

But on the shore in the cool damp mist
Five forms awaited the Fabulist.

And Aesop perceived, with a certain shock,
His familiar Countryman, in his smock;
The Ass, whose simple, innocent ways
He had often sung in his famous lays,
The Wolf, who had also been, now and then,
A neat little subject for his pen,



The Lion, who likewise had served his turn,
And the Snake he had taught mankind to spurn.
And there, in the rapidly dampening mist,
They awaited the aged Fabulist.

Up spoke the Countryman, stern and grim:
"We're waiting for Aesop. Be you him?"
"Why, yes," said the Fabulist, "but, you see—"
"All right," said the Countryman, "you hear me!
You are the cuss whose infernal lies
Have got us shut out of paradise.
Here we are wandering, sad and sick,
Because they won't let us across the creek.
For they hain't no use, them spirits free,
For the sort of fool you have made of me.
And now you tell me, and dern quick, too!
When did I do what you made me do?
Swimming rivers with salt in sacks
Or warming vipers, I'd like to ax?"

"And then," said the Ass, "just tell, old chap,
When did I get in any one's lap?
Or import a lion's-skin from the South
And give my disguise away with my mouth?
And when was I ever, just kindly say,
Unable to tackle two bundles of hay?"
"Yes," said the Wolf, "and here I am—
The fellow who argued and fooled with a lamb.
How long do you think the water supply
Would engage my attention with lamb in my eye?"
Said the Lion: "I AM"—and his tone was n't nice—
"UNDER OBLIGATIONS TO NO DERNED MICE.
"And you understand—" and the Lion looked bad—
"I ain't taken in nets like no derned shad!"



"Nor I," said the Snake, "don't chaw no file;
And the folks I do chaw, once in a while,
Ain't generally picked me outen the dirt
And warned me to life in no flannel shirt.
Yet though I'm a harmless garter-snake,
Out of your person a chaw I'll take.
Come, fellows, this chance is not to be missed—
And the Fables went for the Fabulist,
While the aged Aesop fled like the wind,
With the five of his victims in chase behind.

The traveler now to Styx's shore,
Who waits for Charon to ferry him o'er,
May see, half hid in the river grass,
A Lion, a Countryman and an Ass,
A Wolf and a Snake, who come and go,
Calmly patrolling to and fro.
While far in the distance may be seen
An aged Fabulist, agile and lean,
Dodging about, in the vain, vain hope
Of getting down to that river slope;
And he only needs to inquire to learn
It is Aesop's victims having their turn.

